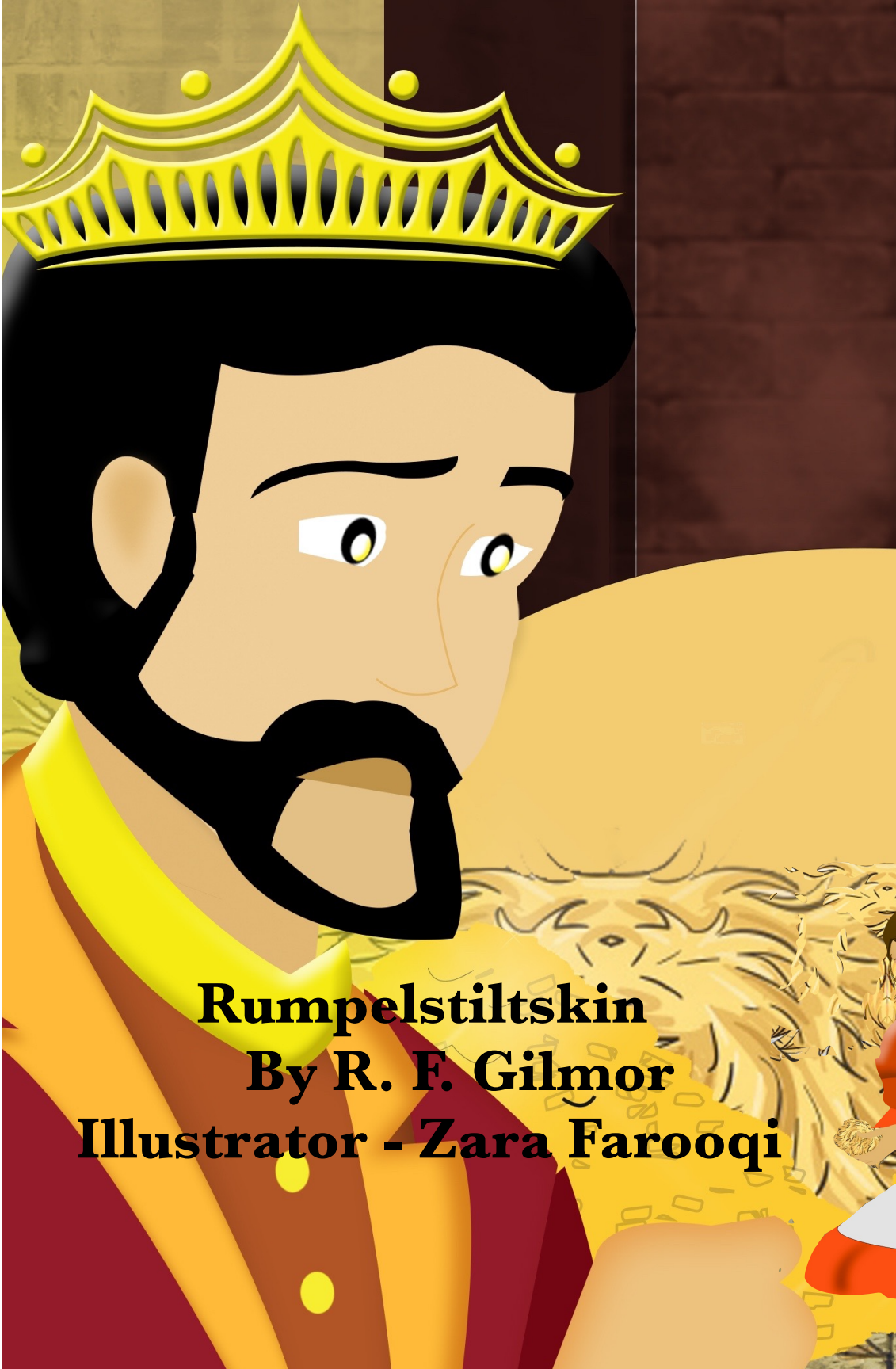

Rumpelstiltskin

By R. F. Gilmor

Illustrator - Zara Farooqi

The Gunston Trust

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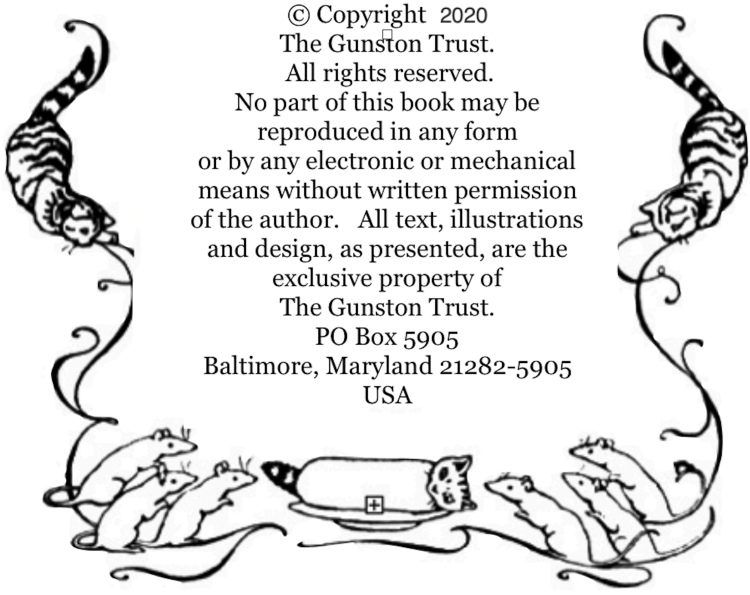


Rumpelstiltskin

Once upon a time a poor miller and his daughter
Lived all alone by a clear rushing stream.
One day the King passed by and word was soon spread,
The miller's daughter could do a most wonderful thing.

Upon hearing such boast the King sent for the Maiden,
"I must see for myself and put her to the test!"
For the boast that was made -
From straw she could spin
Threads of pure gold that were only the best!

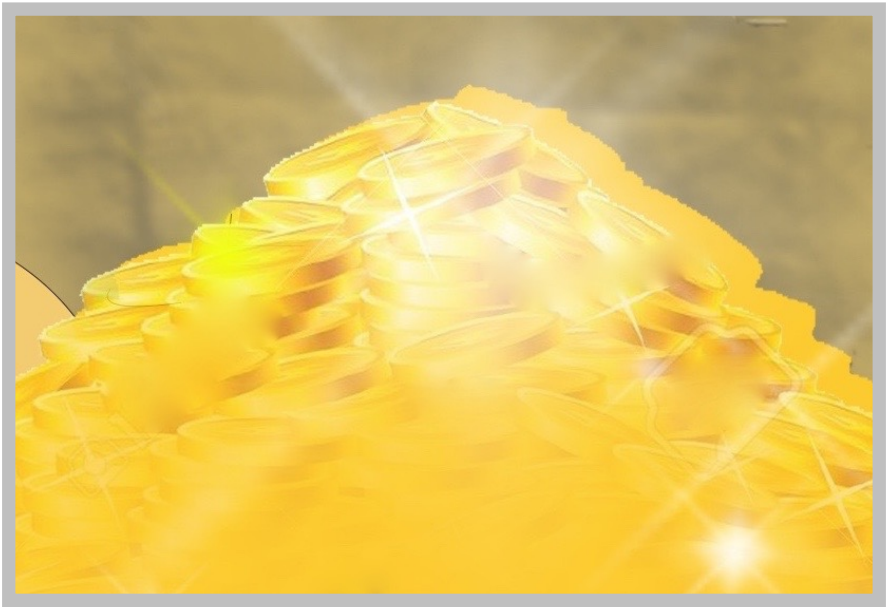
Into the palace this Maiden was led,
and into a room filled with fine golden straw.
"By morning the King wants a room full of gold,
or else you will die, for his word is the law."

The Maiden so lovely she cried and she sobbed
for to spin straw into gold she never had done.
How could she survive and not do as he ordered
spin straw into gold by first light of the sun.

As time grew late with the midnight moon
And the maiden sat feeling such utter despair,
When suddenly there appeared a little old Dwarf
Who stepped into the room, which gave her a scare!

"Now what can you give me," said the little old Dwarf,
"If all of this straw I spin into pure gold?"
"I have a pearl necklace, left by my poor mother,
"This lovely pearl necklace, the one that I hold."

"Very well," said the Dwarf,
As he took her pearl necklace,
Then sat down at the wheel
Where he started to spin.



By morning the straw
Had been spun into gold.
Then he left through the door,
The same way he came in!

By daybreak the King made his way to the Maiden.
When he saw all the gold he was filled with delight,
But greed filled the King and he wanted more gold.
“You will spin me more gold, if you value your life!”

By night the young Maiden was given more straw.
Fine straw into gold she must spin once more.
And just as before by the light of the moon
the craggy old Dwarf appeared through the door.

"Now what will you give me," the Dwarf asked the Maiden,
if all of this straw I spin into pure gold?"
"I'll give you my ring, a gift from my mother."
"This old ring on my finger, that I lovingly hold!"

So this little old man took the ring from the Maiden
And again sat at the wheel where he started to spin.
By morning the straw had been spun into gold,
Then he bowed to the maiden and left once again.

By daybreak the King made his way to the Maiden
And there he rejoiced at this beautiful sight,
But again filled with greed the King wanted more gold,
"If you spin me more gold, I will make you my wife!"

Now on the third night as she looked at more straw,
She sobbed for she knew that the end was so near.
And when the Dwarf entered she continued to cry,
She had nothing to give, for her life she now feared.

"Then make me a promise if you become Queen,
That your very first child from you I will take.
In exchange I will spin this straw into gold
For a far better deal you never will make."

In the morning the King was filled with delight.

He married the Maiden and made her his Queen.

And after a year a baby was born,

The most beautiful daughter that had ever been seen.

As the bright midnight moon lit up the black sky
the little old Dwarf appeared to the Queen.
"Remember your promise, well I've come for the baby."
Oh she begged the old man, "Please don't be so mean?

Taking pity upon her, for he loved playing games,
"Well, I'll give you three days if my name you can guess.
If right you may keep him, and I will be gone.
If you fail the child's MINE,
you must have no regret."

The Queen thought all night of the names that she knew.
When he came the next night she said all of the names.
“There’s Aidan and Benjamin, Owen and Frank, “
He laughed at each one but no name would he claim.

She sent out a request for names that were strange.
The Queen was distraught at this weird little man.
When he appeared at the palace the very next evening
she had names that were gathered
from all over the land.

Once again he made fun and he laughed as he left,
Sheepshear, and Rickrack, such silly old names.
"Just one more day," yelled the little old Dwarf,
"I'll be back tomorrow
and the child I shall claim!"

With such great distress the Queen went for a walk
Out into the forest so cool, dark and deep.
When she happened upon the strange little Dwarf
Where around a great fire he sang as he leaped.

"On the brightest of nights when the full moon remains,
Where deep in the forest as king I shall reign,
And it's there only I can play at this game.
I am Rumpelstiltskin for that is my name !"

She was so amazed at her wonderful fate
Behind the large tree hid the lovely young Queen.
So happy to learn of the little man's name.
So peculiar and odd his funny name seemed.

So on the third night when the Dwarf came to call,
The Queen said some names that she knew were not his.
Then finally at last she could stand it no more,
"Rumpelstiltskin's the name, by which you now live!"

So mad was the Dwarf, this weird Boggart of sort
As back to his forest he made his own way
By twirling and twisting into a great storm.
Now he's never been seen since that very day.

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THE END

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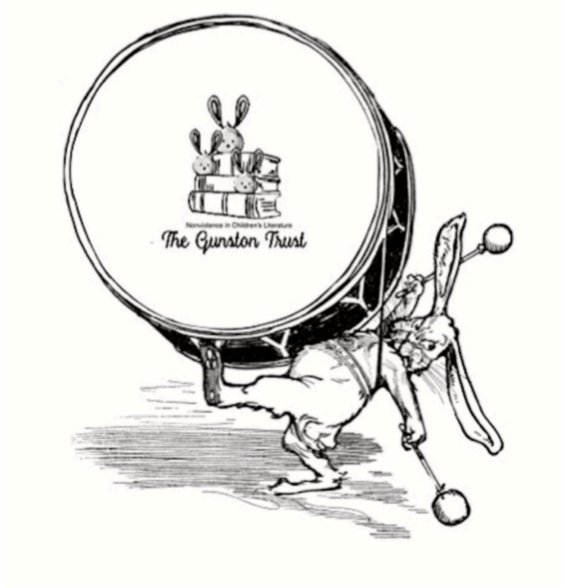
Lesson learned:

Never promise, boast or lie of things you can not do,
or something bad could happen
because of it to you!

Rumpelstiltskin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